

1840

Old Church Clock

J. Long

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THE OLD CHURCH CLOCK

Written by

Leigh Cliff Esq

Music Composed & respectfully dedicated to

MRS. AUGUSTA MERWIN,

by

J. LONG.

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 135 Washington St

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a time signature of 12/8. The tempo and expression marking 'ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE' is written vertically on the left. The score consists of five systems. The first system shows the vocal line starting with 'Hark! hark! the' and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with 'old church clock, with its bell and its chime, Loves to mark how swift trav - el the'. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal line with 'feet of time; It counteth the minutes, it tell - eth the hours, As'. The fifth system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a 'grava' (grave) section followed by a 'loco' (loco) section. The piano part features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated figures, block chords, and a final section with a more rhythmic, 'loco' feel.

Hark! hark! the

old church clock, with its bell and its chime, Loves to mark how swift trav - el the

feet of time; It counteth the minutes, it tell - eth the hours, As

grava loco.

spring marks its seasons by blossoms and flowers; Oh! dear are the chimes of that

old clock to me, They float like soft music o'er memory's sea; I

knew not a pain, shed in sorrow no tear, When those chimes first in melody

smote on mine ear When those chimes first in melody smote on mine ear.

ad lib:

By that old clock I've counted, how

years passed on, How youth lost its bright-ness, how friendships have gone; By its

chimes I have measured how life's joys flew, That time brushed away as the

sun sips the dew. O! they bounded along like an a - tom at play, With the

grava loco.

f

f

4

p young summer wind that is fanning the day, Like a dream of the morning they've

p

ad lib: *a tempo.*

fad-ed they're gone But the chimes of that old clock play merrily on But the

pp *Colla voce.* *a tempo.*

chimes of that old clock play mer-rily on.

dim: *ppp*

3

Hark! the bell strikes twelve, and the tide of time
Is marked by the merriest peal of the chime!
It is sweet in the moment of joy to hear;
But it mocketh—it mocketh the mourner's ear.
The chimes have mocked mine, but I love them still,
Let them make merry with wo as they will,
For they send o'er the mind of the watcher a ray
Of joy, as they welcome the new born day!